Rumble in the Bones

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/23776063.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post Fall, Leather, Leather Kink, Motorcycles, Motorcycle Sex, Dirty Talk, Frottage, Rutting, Established Relationship
Language:	English
Series:	Part 18 of Kinkmeme Story Prompts
Collections:	Hannigram Kinkmeme
Stats:	Published: 2020-04-21 Words: 1,721 Chapters: 1/1

Rumble in the Bones

by StratsWrote, whiskeyandspite

Summary

“Took you only ten thousand miles,” Will mumbled when Hannibal turned his head to nuzzle him. “Your patience will be the death of us, I swear.”

“A small price to pay for a bit of peace.”

Will has a *thing* for Hannibal's motorcycle leathers and his motorcycle in general.

Notes

Another awesome idea from the brilliant kinkmeme XD

See the end of the work for more notes

Will had a thing for motors. For machines. He never liked cats, but the purr of an engine? That sped his heart up, got his blood pumping.

He could feel the rumble in his bones when Hannibal pulled up on the bike, and shoved his hands into his pockets to avoid doing something embarrassing like immediately reaching out to stroke the slick black machine or the man sitting astride it.

Hannibal had told him about the bike a few months after their honeymoon, and since then Will had been not-so-subtly implying that he should get it out of storage. So of course he did so on date night, because Hannibal Lecter was an asshole but he was a romantic asshole.

Will couldn't really say he was complaining.

He caught Hannibal by the lapels of his - goddamn *leather* - jacket and kissed him, grinning when the man pulled back, eyes hooded as he eyed Will's parted lips.

"You got room for one more?" Will drawled, grinning. Hannibal hummed, sliding his hand under Will's jacket to wrap around his middle.

"If you hold tight enough."

The engine purred between Will's thighs. He straddled the leather seat behind Hannibal, his arms wrapped tight around Hannibal's waist. Hannibal had, of course, tugged a helmet down over Will's face, but Will imagined he could smell the buttery leather of his jacket anyway.

The bike moved smoothly through dimly lit streets as the neighborhood put itself to bed. Hannibal took him out of the city, into the trees. All Will could feel was the thrum of the motor and the rapid beat of his own heart.

They moved as one, tilting together for the turns. Will's arms had shifted under Hannibal's jacket and he could feel his steady breathing. He was so calm, so relaxed.

Will was on edge, teeth gritted as he drew in shaky breaths. He was hard, and he was sure Hannibal could feel it against his back.

Will wanted to ride for hours. He also wanted Hannibal to pull over and fuck him draped over the seat. He shifted, one hand open, his palm shifting teasingly under the hem of Hannibal's sweater to pet at the skin beneath.

He was careful, only moving his hands when they were waiting at a light, or on a long stretch of empty road with no one before or behind them. The last thing he needed was to crash them because he couldn't keep it in his pants, but at the same time the danger of it all thrilled him to no end. It was rare that Will let himself be truly reckless.

They rode for another few dozen miles before Hannibal slowed the bike, pulling over at the side of a twisting road under a bent oak. Will grinned, sitting back as Hannibal lowered the kickstand and spreading his thighs as Hannibal climbed from the bike first. Will removed his

helmet, rolled his shoulders, cracked his neck with a groan, and rested his weight back against the fender, eyes on the man before him.

They were in the middle of nowhere, there wasn't even a full moon to light the scene, just the occasional peek of light from behind the clouds when they moved.

It hardly mattered, Will knew the man blindfolded. Hannibal was breathing heavily, despite how calm his heart had been throughout the drive, and Will let his gaze travel down to between his legs, where even in the leather riding pants Hannibal was hard for him. Just as hard as Will was.

Will tossed his helmet to the soft grass on the verge, and caught Hannibal's face in his hands as he moved to kiss him. It was a devouring thing, sloppy and aching, and Will moaned into it, laughing lowly when Hannibal moved to straddle the bike again, backwards, to be closer. Will dropped a hand to fondle him.

"Took you only ten thousand miles," Will mumbled when Hannibal turned his head to nuzzle him. "Your patience will be the death of us, I swear."

"A small price to pay for a bit of peace."

Hannibal hauled him in roughly, the bike wobbling slightly beneath them. His lips and teeth traced trails down Will's throat, leaving wet bruises in their wake.

"You are a torment, Will Graham, in everything you do."

"I try," Will groaned. He reached between them, cupping the bulge in Hannibal's trousers. The leather was tight. He could feel the exact shape of Hannibal through it.

Hannibal hissed and grabbed a fistful of Will's hair, damp and limp from the helmet. He pulled Will's head back, biting at his jugular.

"Fuck, *Hannibal."*

Will fumbled with Hannibal's belt, wrenching it open impatiently. It was a tight fit, but he managed to worm his hand under the waistband to find Hannibal hadn't fit any underwear under those tempting trousers.

"Now who's a torment," Will accused, delighted, before opening his mouth to Hannibal's devouring kisses again.

Sex for them had become all manner of things. Sometimes it was loving and gentle, early morning touches and sleepy kisses. Sometimes it was playful, a tease in the kitchen or coaxing the other into the shower. Sometimes it was brutal, a fight; two monsters baring their teeth and snarling at each other.

Sometimes they drew blood.

Sometimes it wasn't theirs.

Right now, though, it wasn't about blood, but passion, Will's hand working Hannibal up brutally quick as Hannibal marked every inch of skin up with his teeth that he could reach.

"Do you have any idea what you do to me, dressed like that?" Will asked him, catching a hand in Hannibal's hair as well, their foreheads pressed together as they caught their breath. Hannibal grinned at him, his own hands working Will's trousers open, eyes never leaving Will's own.

"I have an inkling."

"Reckless," Will whispered, groaning as Hannibal stepped closer, their hips butting together until each freed the other of the confines of their pants. "Incorrigible."

"You were the one feeling me up as I drove," Hannibal reminded him, wrapping a hand around both of them as Will hissed in pleasure and dropped his head back, neck vulnerable for Hannibal's mouth.

"Couldn't help myself," Will moaned. Hannibal's teeth left red bruises in a column down his throat, impossible to hide. Just the way they liked it. "You on this fucking bike."

Hannibal's grip was dry, dragging up and down slowly, but each shift still left Will reeling.

"I want you to fuck me on this bike," he growled.

"I'm afraid that will have to wait for another time." Hannibal sucked another mark just above the collar of Will's shirt, licking a line up the path he'd made.

Will cursed himself for not bringing any lube, licking his palm and reaching between them. He halted Hannibal's hand to grip Hannibal himself, until they were both rocking into each other's grip.

"When we get home," Will said in a low, commanding voice, "you'd better fuck me in the fucking hallway. I don't want to even make it to the bed."

"Demanding boy," Hannibal praised him, breathlessly nuzzling against Will, eyes on the hands between them that stroked them both up until they were leaking.

They were acting like teenagers, groping and tugging each other, having driven as far from civilization as possible. It was thrilling. It was stupid. It made them feel alive without having to sacrifice anyone else to their fire.

"Against the wall," Will continued, caught in his own fantasy, eyes glazed as he drew down Hannibal's foreskin and teased the leaking slit with his thumb. "Hard enough to make the goddamn pictures rattle in their frames."

"Will,"

Will grinned, a gasp catching the end of the sound when Hannibal teased the head of Will's cock with the flat of his palm.

“God, that, just like that, Hannibal, *fuck,”*

Hannibal continued teasing, eyes on what their hands were doing rather than on Will. Because he knew if he looked up, at those tempting lips bite-red and wet, parted on Will’s hitched breaths, he would come immediately. And it was still a game for them, often, to make the other come first.

But Will was crafty. He knew all of Hannibal’s quirks, everything that made him tick.

“Want you to keep this on,” he whispered, tugging at the jacket. “Fuck me in all your leathers.”

“It will ruin them.”

“Do you care?”

Hannibal snarled against Will’s throat, and then he *cheated.* He pulled away, sliding from the bike, and then shoved Will’s shirt up to kiss down his stomach.

“Hannibal don’t you dare-“

Hannibal sucked hard at the tip of his cock, sloppy and loud. He knew what his mouth did to Will, how hard it was to resist him.

“Fuck, you bastard.” Will tugged at his hair, tilting on the bike so he could spread his legs a little wider.

It didn’t take long after that. Hannibal took his fill of Will’s squirming and quivering, brought him over with a hum from himself and a low groan from Will above him, swallowed everything Will gave him. When he straightened up once more, he happily submitted to Will’s fist in his hair, offering a lazy smile, entirely unashamed and remorseless.

“You don’t get to come,” Will told him, voice low, eyes hooded. “You get to get right back on that bike and resist the vibrations and my hands until we get home. And then,”

“And then,” Hannibal agreed, licking his lips. He reached to return Will’s cock to his underwear, to do up his trousers before spreading a hand over his belly, beneath his shirt, fingering the scar he’d given him so long ago.

“I’m tempted to leave you as you are,” Will told him. Hannibal snorted.

“We’ll get done for indecent exposure.”

“Can’t have that,” Will agreed, releasing him to put Hannibal away too, careful to not hurt him as he fought the zipper to do it up. Hannibal would be *aching* when they got home. Good. “Stick to the speed limit,” Will reminded him with a wink. “Drive safe.”

Hannibal hummed, pursing his lips, and moved to retrieve their helmets from the roadside, keeping his eyes on Will until they were obscured by the visor. Then he straddled the machine again, shifted back against Will’s warm and welcome hold, and started the engine.

End Notes

FIND US ON TWITTER | TUMBLR | PILLOWFORT

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!